

HIGH LIGHTS



Helen Keith in Pioneer Costume - Alfred James Denny
June 1947

SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD





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HIGH LIGHTS

JUNE 1947

Volume 8 Number 3

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ILLUSTRATIONS

The cover drawing and those of the advertisements are lithographs, the work of Alfred James Dewey. The lettering is the work of Elmer M. Weese, commercial artist. The printing of the covers was done by George Morgridge at Pasadena, California.

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HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued occasionally by the Sierra Madre Arts Guild, Old Brick Oven, 28 Windsor Lane, Sierra Madre, California.

CANTICLE FOR LIVING

Charles H. Bratton

Tell him who has a sorrow
That grief grows less and less,
That joy has no tomorrow,
And neither has distress.

If chance or heaven wound you, never complain,
But hide your hurt, the least a man can do.
It's shame to call on God to mend your pain;
He's just as bored with others' grief as you.

Drink only with a happy heart, or with a friend,
Or maid with lavish lips and scented breath;
For wine like wind brings you the garden in
Or wafts you from the tomb the smell of death.

Move on. New friends you'll find and soon forget the old,
And work for every joy of work will gain you more than
gold.

The ease and comfort of the stall is for the gelded ox,
And safety's bound with fear and fret, and women's arms
and locks.

As water stagnates, so does man, encircled in a pool,
And only running makes it sweet and crystalline and cool.
Oh, were the moon forever full, never to wax and wane,
What man would turn a skyward eye to see it come again?
The lion stalks his agile prey - for will it come to him?
Go. Love itself is sweeter yet, just over the desert's
rim.

FLAME TREES

When typhoons boil in from the sea,
Or monsoons shift from whence they came,
And rain clouds rush
To dash their turbulence like me
Against the rooted trees of flame,
Their green leaves whisper, "Hush."



Bernard Johnson '47

Our Mountain

GUILD MEETING

For the June meeting of the Guild, to be held on Friday evening, June 13, 8:30 p.m., at the studio, 28 Windsor Lane, Hjordis Kittel Parker of Sierra Madre presents as a lecture, "A Voyage to Norway," a vivid, informal description of her latest trip to Norway by way of Paris, fully illustrated with natural color kodachrome slides.

Hjordis Parker appears in a "Gubrandsdal bunad," a native costume made in Norway. Most of the pictures to be shown were taken by her on her last trip. Pictures shown of scenes from France include the Notre Dame Cathedral with its exquisite Rose Window, the Trocadero in Paris and some candid shots of people on the streets. The views of Norway deal principally with its unexcelled scenery, showing the grandeur and monumental beauty of its mountains and fjords. The lecture is climaxed with scenes from a mountain climbing expedition made to the top of northern Europe's highest mountain - Galdhopiggen.

A native of Norway, now a naturalized citizen of the United States, Hjordis Parker has traveled extensively throughout Norway, Sweden, England, France, Holland, Guatemala, Panama and Canada. Her father was for many years in the diplomatic service for Norway. She was educated in this country, attending the University of California at Los Angeles and the University of Washington. She remains, however, a living part of her native land. All who have heard her speak feel that they have personally made the trip to Norway and have obtained an intimate knowledge of that land and its people.

THE ARTISTS

The lithographs here shown, as well those of the previous numbers, are presented without printing in order that they may be suitable for framing. Extra prints are to be obtained at fifty cents each from the studio, 28 Windsor Lane, Sierra Madre. Phone: Custer 5 - 6678 - 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Or contact the individual artists.

Helen Narozny was born in Chicago, June 29, 1887. Her mother, Maria Taylor Hawley, was a pianist and singer. Her grandfather, Horace Harlow Hawley, was a singer and a composer of songs. Her grandmother, Jane Sheldon Hawley, was a landscape painter.

Color has always been her primary interest in art. She studied under numerous eminent painters at the Chicago Art Institute. First came many months of severe training in draftsmanship under John Vanderpoel; then painting under Frederick Freer, Carl Buehr, Chas. Francis Brown and Louis Wilson whose specialty was color in its relation to music. She studied Design for Costume, Stage Sets and Art Crafts under Alphonse Mucha, Herman Rosse and John Gunther. Her interest in color and its relation to music increased with the passing years; so, she studied music and harmony under Mrs. Mabel Aldrich at Westwood, California. She found that the great variety of colors found existing in flowers here makes them ideal subjects for use in arrangements developing color harmonies as found in music.

Mrs. Narozny is an enthusiastic gardener and thus raises her own flowers to paint. She moved to Sierra Madre after the death of her husband in 1940, and the studio-home in which she lives, she had built especially in order that she might paint and be as close to nature as possible. She developed here her landscape and flower paintings without instruction - her art training was largely in figure and in design. For six years she did nothing but commercial design and illustration in black and white; later, during a period when occupied part time in teaching, she began to paint as she had longed to do - in color.

In 1916, Mrs. Narozny had her first "one man" show of landscapes at Carson Pirie Scott and Company in Chicago. From then on her paintings began to sell and were exhibited in numerous places in and surrounding Chicago. Since coming to California, she joined the Women Painters of the West, the California Art Club, the San Gabriel Art Guild and the Sierra Madre Arts Guild and has exhibited all her work both with these organizations and by herself. Her work has been favorably reviewed by numerous art critics. Following is a paragraph by Herman Reuter, art critic for the Hollywood Citizen News: -

"An eminently painter like quality is notable in an exhibition of portraits, landscapes and still lifes by Helen Narozny. This effect of knowing what paint should be used for, is particularly evident in her flower pieces. In these Mrs. Narozny says her say with an engaging dash and



Helen Narogny.

HER ONE MISTAKE

swirl of brush work. Another of her pieces, a reclining nude, has much to commend it from standpoints of originality and execution."

Mrs. Narozny maintains a studio in her home at 630 Fairview Avenue, Sierra Madre, where she teaches Drawing, Painting and Designing, specializing in the theory of color harmonies as attained by the correlative use of the musical scales and color scales with known harmony as expressed in music.

Alfred James Dewey, whose "In the Foothills" here is reproduced, is an etcher and sculptor as well as painter and lithographer. He works in all mediums, as a matter of fact, although his specialty or preference is the landscape in oils.

Mr. Dewey is a graduate of the School of Industrial Art of Philadelphia where he later taught. Thereafter he moved to New York City where he was for some years newspaper cartoonist and illustrator for a number of magazines, among them, "Life," "Harper's," "Century," and "Judge," as well as illustrator for numerous novels. About 1925, he moved to California because of ill health where he has continued his work as landscape painter of California scenes, and has taught art for the several past years. He has been an exhibitor in many national galleries and museums, is the founder and the instructor in art of the Sierra Madre Arts Guild, and, since 1936, has designed the Sierra Madre float that yearly has been awarded the prize for its class in the annual Pasadena Tournament of Roses.

In addition to the lithograph here contained, that of the cover is a lithograph by Mr. Dewey, from a painting made of Helen Boyd Keith as seen in her Pioneer Days costume. This costume is one that was handed down from the far period of the "Gay Nineties." It is too bad that it cannot be reproduced in this lithograph in all its color. However, the dress is a rich maroon; the parasol is black lace; the hat, ostrich feathers mounted on grey chiffon. The whole costume is enriched with beautiful handmade white lace that is mellowed by time.

Mr. Dewey shares with the Guild the studio at 28 Windsor Lane, Sierra Madre, where, in addition to his creative work, he conducts classes each week for both adults and children in charcoal drawing, painting in water colors and oils, and in lithographing and etching.

FIRST CAUSE

L. B. W.

With the long steady flow of the ages, that level, monotonous flow of time that to us is lost alike in its beginning and its end, effect follows cause and cause is effectuated from preceding cause in seemingly a never ceasing line. If only we could fully grasp in advance the significance of the antecedents of any impending event, knowing how and with what power they are about to impinge and counteract, we too could be omniscient and we too could surely fashion our lives, all the vagaries of chance becoming dull certainty. Then would the silence speak to us, the clouding days fall away, the dimness of the next step or the next journey be set alight in the sun. The situations are all here in their mathematical precision, their end evidence clearly before us; but, though for a little they are painfully traced, in a little too they are lost in their complexities and in their infinity they elude the finite mind. Everything that ever was told is long forgotten and all that we have of the story is the final page.

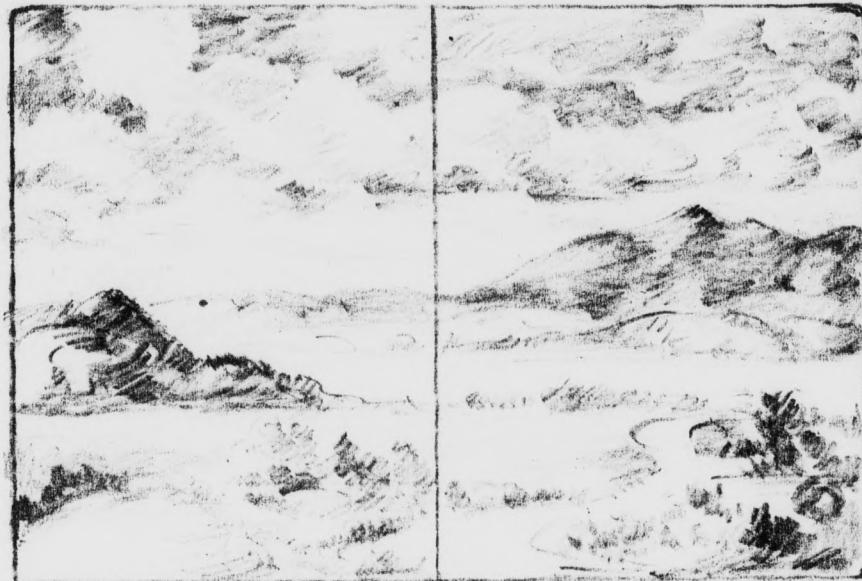
Is it fate then that rules the universe? Long ago, somewhere, a star was set in the heavens (no one knows how or whence), and in its physical, inanimate entity the earth has followed it blindly ever since. Even, too, in the animate, for certainly in the large we are what we are because the earth and the heavens were once what they were. This is fate, that the four winds of contingency blow a mote into your eye, but it is an act of free will if you take it out; and this too is fate, that your unbridled avidity for odd knowledge compels you to read this essay, but if to your loss you deliberately turn the page, that again is not fate but free will. Fate is an old woman fixed in purple thought on the unforeseen, while forever to new adventure roves the youthful freedom of the will.

When intelligence was born into the world there arose a new order under the stars; for of the intelligence comes thought and of thought comes free will to action that does not follow blindly but with vision transcends fate. This cannot alter the past, but it can and does alter the future with a novel chain of effects, that for those who come hereafter the world is assuredly better or assuredly worse. You are a free agent, being intelligent, though your intelligence be warped or cracked; you are a responsible agent, being free, responsible to the social order, a sower of wheat or of tares; and within the range of your abilities, in much or in little, you are your own first cause.



- In the foothills -

agosto 1947

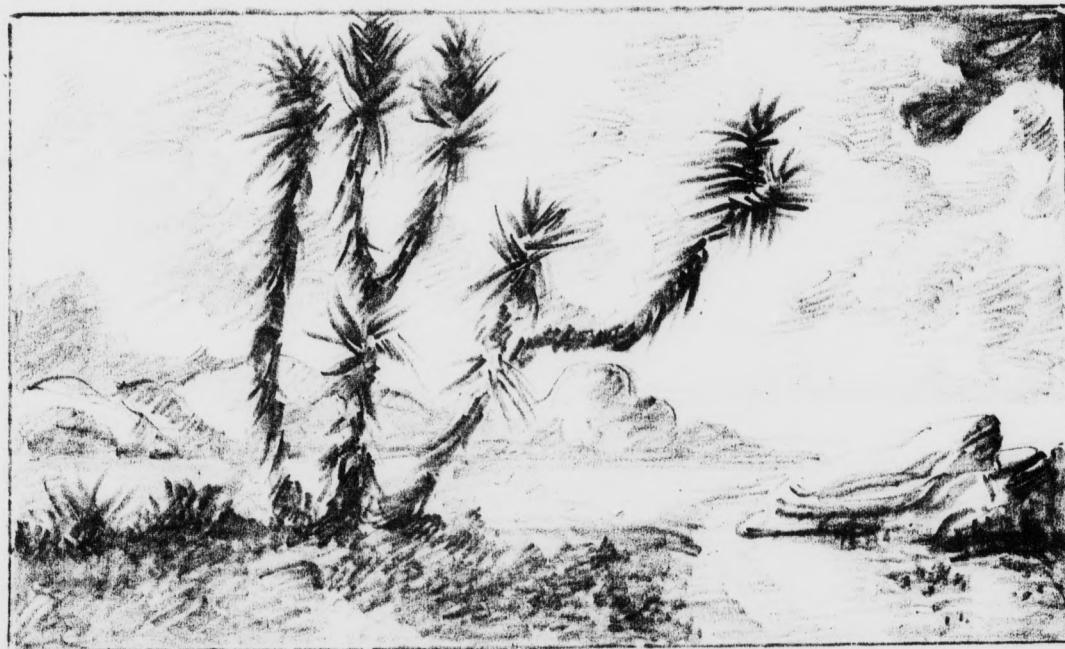


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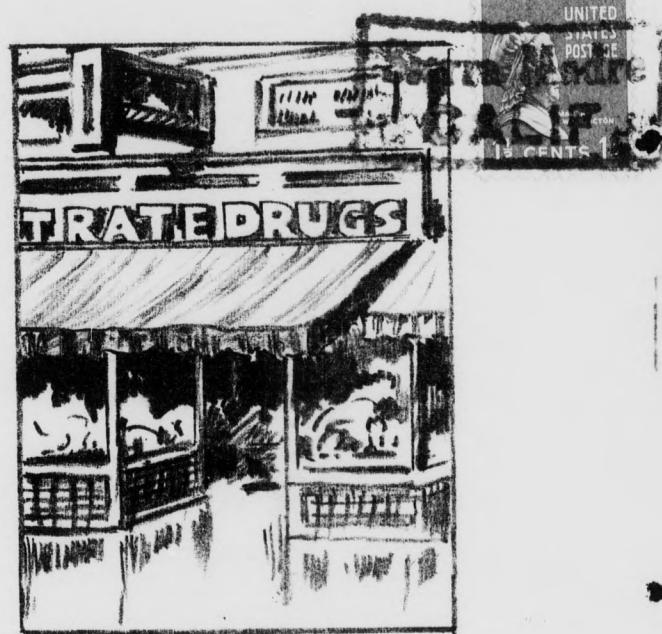


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